GOLD KEY

10116-505
MAY

TWILIGHT ZONE

THE TWILIGHT ZONE

ROD SERLING

12c

A fighter pilot battles an enemy only he can see!

KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

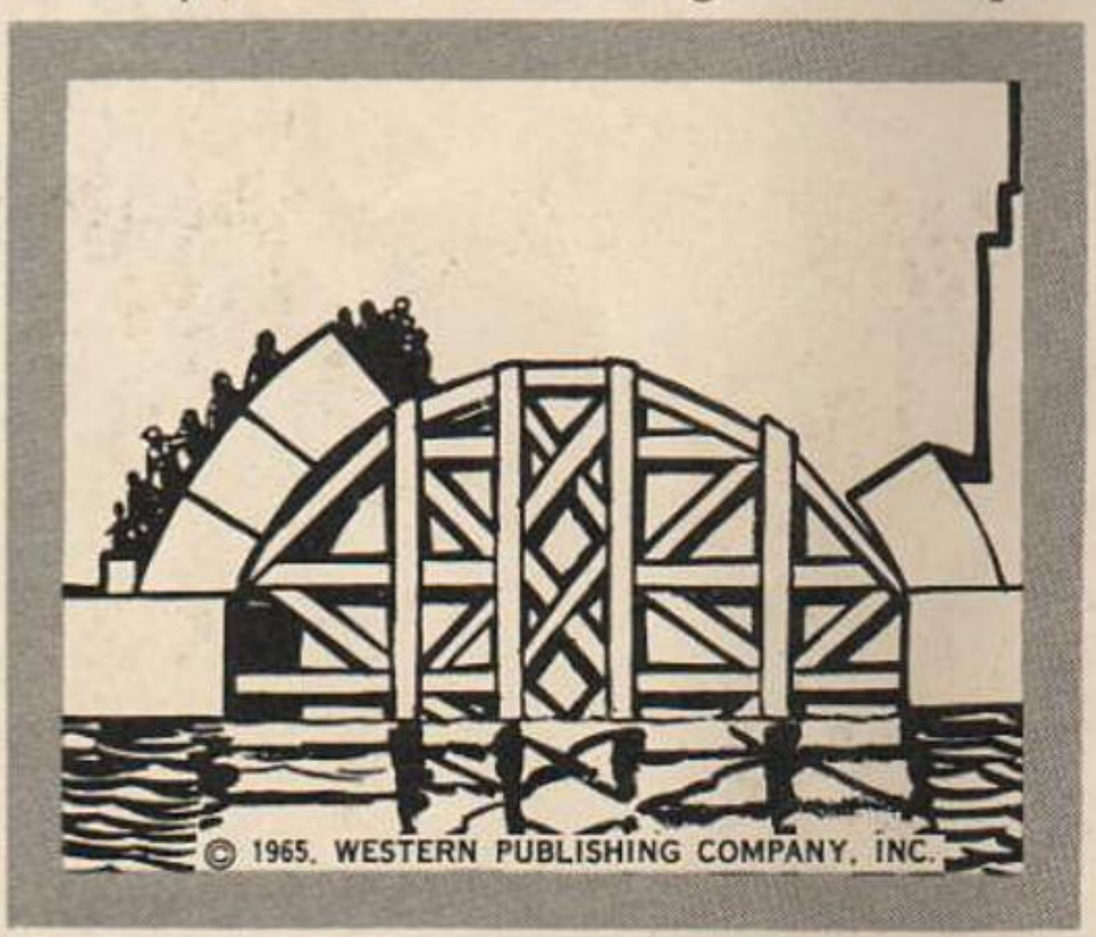
BRIDGES AND MAN

NUMBER 4

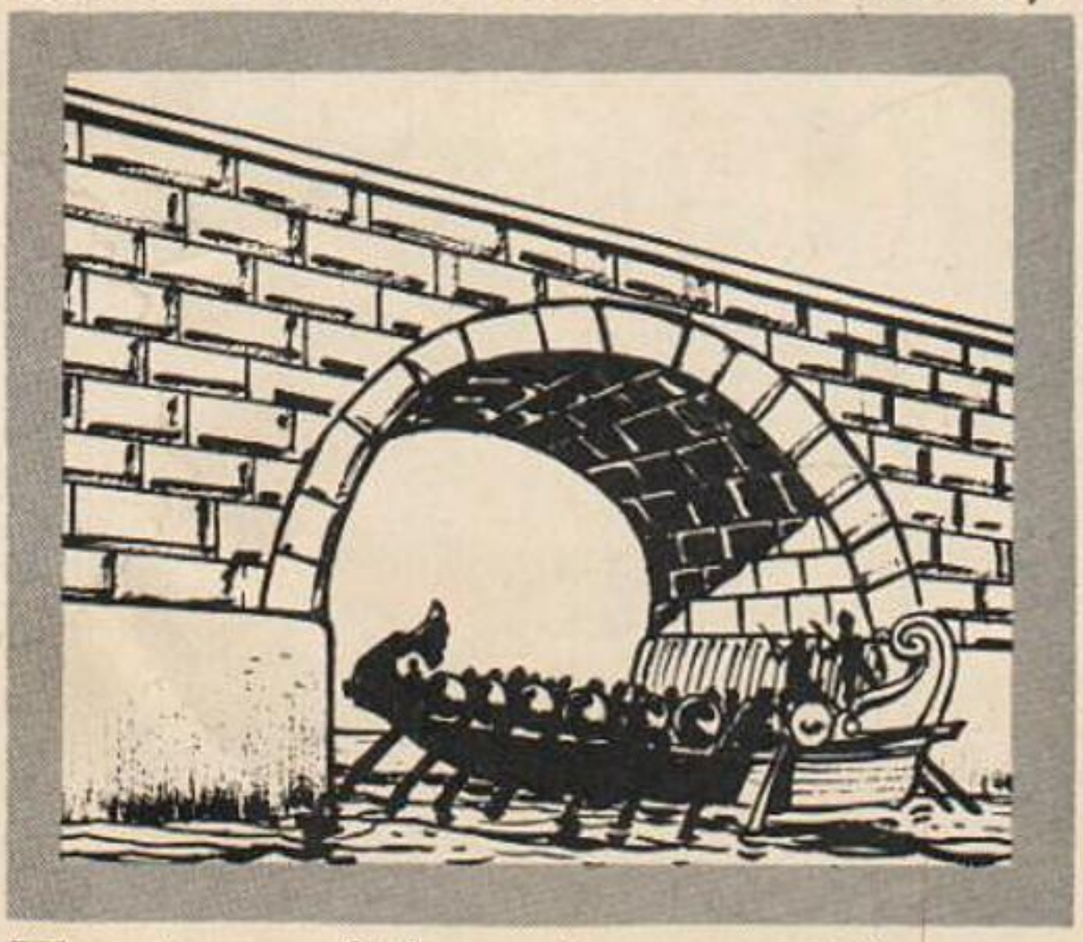
THE ROMAN BRIDGE-BUILDERS

History's first great bridge engineers were the Romans. Their wonderful massive stone archways are found throughout Europe.

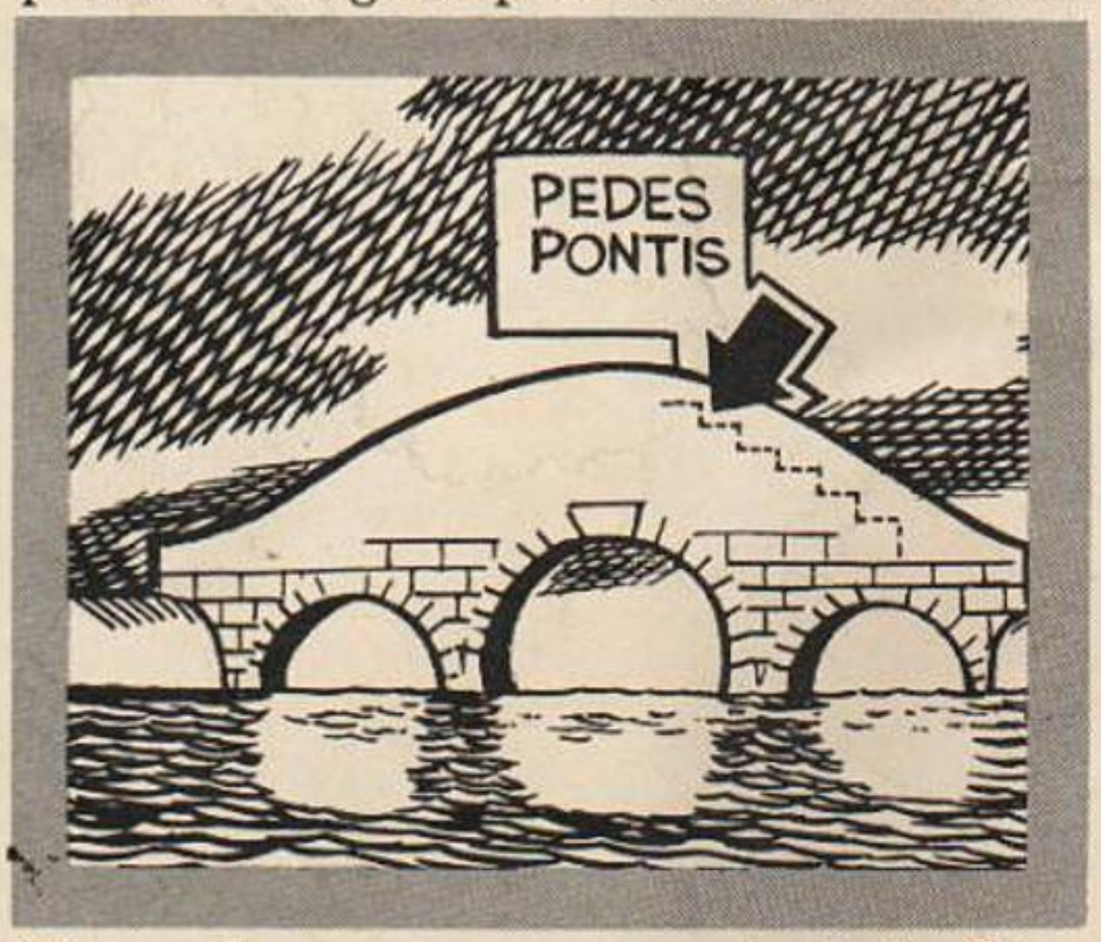
The Romans built these bridge piers in a prow-shape to reduce the undercutting effect of a swift current on the masonry.



When these piers were completed, a timber "falsework" was then erected to support the wedge-shaped stones of the arch.



The stones of the arch were set in overlapping rows for maximum strength. They were held together by their shape alone.



When a longer span was required, the Romans built a larger central arch. Steps *(Pedes pontis)* were provided for pedestrians.

The TWILIGHT ZONE

THE GREMLINS

IT WAS JUST 20 YEARS AGO THAT BOB PERRY JOCKEYED HIS P-38 ACROSS THE CHANNEL AFTER A MILK RUN MISSION OVER GERMANY! HE WAS HOME SAFE... EXCEPT FOR "SOMETHING" IN THE *TWILIGHT ZONE..!*

BASE TO EAGLE O-- YOU'RE CUTTING UP THE SKY! LAND YOUR CRAFT AT ONCE! WHAT IS WRONG?

COLD TERROR TWISTED THE IRON-NERVED PILOT'S FEATURES... HE DARED NOT BELIEVE WHAT HE SAW...

E-EAGLE O TO BASE... THERE ARE *THINGS* ON MY TAIL...

I'M TRYING TO SHAKE THEM *OFF*...

T-THEY WON'T SHAKE... THEY'RE ... THEY'RE...

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KEYS OF

GREMLINS!!

PERRY— YOU'RE FATIGUED-OUT! IF YOU CAN'T LAND... HIT THE SILK!

NO, NO... THEY'RE ACTUALLY *HERE!* AND THEY'RE TRYING TO SCUTTLE ME... MONKEYING WITH MY *RUDDER ASSEMBLY...*

T-THE TAIL'S BLOOPED UP— I-I'VE *HAD* IT, FELLERS!

WHILE BELOW...

POOR PERRY... AFTER *FIFTY* ESCORT MISSIONS HIS NERVES HAVE TO GO INTO A *TAILSPIN...*

HANG IN THERE, OLD CHAP... *HANG IN THERE!*

YOU OLD SKY ROGUE!-- THE AMERICAN FLIGHT COMMANDER TELLS ME YOU'LL BE HEADING HOME TO TEACH NOW!

SURE, TOD-- THAT'S THE WAY WE GIVE OUR MENTAL CRACK UPS THE VELVET BOOT! BUT THERE'S ***ONE*** THING I WANT YOU TO BELIEVE...

I ***DID*** SEE THOSE GREEN LITTLE CHARACTERS ON MY TAIL!

THAT WAS 20 YEARS BACK! FROM FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR, BOB PERRY GRADUATED THROUGH THE YEARS TO COLONEL PERRY USAF... BUT THE GREMLINS WERE ALWAYS IN HIS MIND!

1941 1945 1954 1964

THEN CAME THE DAY A MILITARY ASSIGNMENT RETURNED HIM TO BRITAIN...

THE OLD FIGHTER AIR DROME IS STILL THERE-- THEY BUILT THE NEW FIELD SMACK ALONGSIDE! IT SURE BRINGS BACK THE MEMORIES...

AGAIN, PERRY MEETS HIS OLD BRITISH TEAMMATE...

A LOT OF WATER HAS PASSED UNDER OLD LONDON BRIDGE SINCE WE MET LAST! WHO WOULD HAVE BELIEVED WE'D BE WORKING ON A NEW 2,000 MPH JOB 20 YEARS LATER!

TOD, BEFORE WE GO OVER THE ENGINEERING SPECIFICATIONS I'D JUST LIKE TO... WELL, TAKE A GANDER AT THE OLD FIELD!

TOGETHER, THE EX-FIGHTER PILOTS VISIT THE RUN-DOWN BRITISH AIR DROME...

THE OLD FLIGHT TOWER--BATTERED AND BOWED... BUT *STILL* STANDING...

WHAT A RUNWAY--HARD TO BELIEVE WE USED TO PAN-CAKE 'EM IN HERE...

SUDDENLY, AS PERRY ASCENDS THE CRUMBLING STAIRCASE...

SQUEE EE SQUEE

WHAT'S THAT..? SOUNDS LIKE SOMETHING SQUEAKING... LIKE AN ANIMAL!

THEN...

N-NO... NO... *IT CAN'T BE..!*

TRANSFIXED WITH FRIGHT, THE EX-FLYER CAN ONLY HUG THE WALL IN HORROR AS THE SHRILL SHATTERING FILLS HIS EARS...

T-THEY SEEM TO BE *PLANNING* SOMETHING... POINTING AT THE NEW PLANE... AM I LOSING MY SENSES?

SQUEEEEEEE CHITTA

CHITTA SQUEEEEEEE CHITTA SQUEEE-SQUEEE

HE HOLDS HIS HEAD IN AGONY AS A VISION TWENTY YEARS OLD RACES THROUGH HIS MIND...

J-JUST LIKE *THEN*... BUT *WHY, WHY..?*

CHITTA SQUEEEEE

SQUEEEEEE CHITTA CHITTA

PERRY-- YOU UP THERE?

SHHH... DON'T MAKE A SOUND, TOD -- THEY... THEY ARE *BACK* AGAIN!

WHO? WHAT'S BACK AGAIN, BOB?

QUIET... DON'T LET THEM *HEAR* YOU! THEY'RE PLOTTING SOMETHING... RIGHT BEHIND ME...

THE *GREMLINS! LOOK*... BUT DON'T LET THEM *SEE* US!

GREMLINS! BOB -- THERE'S *NOTHING* THERE!

SUDDENLY, BOB PERRY'S PENT-UP MIND UNLEASHES THE FRUSTRATION OF TWENTY YEARS...

BUT THEY *WERE* HERE! I HEARD THEM *CHATTERING* ...*PLOTTING*...

EASY... EASY, OLD CHAP! I SHOULD NEVER HAVE BROUGHT YOU HERE...

AND AT RESEARCH HQ...

BOB!

STOP! STOP! YOU CAN'T MAKE THAT TEST RUN TOMORROW! THE OLD AIR DROME IS FULL OF GREMLINS... THEY PLAN TO SABOTAGE THE AIRPLANE!

GET A GRIP ON YOURSELF! THIS CEASES TO BE A JOKE!

IT'S THE TRUTH! THEY'RE GOING TO SHORT-CIRCUIT THE IGNITION SYSTEM... PART THE BRAKE CABLES... PUNCTURE THE FUEL TANKS...

I'M SORRY, GENTLEMEN! MY FRIEND HASN'T BEEN RIGHT... HE HASN'T BEEN RIGHT FOR 20 YEARS, I'M AFRAID! PLEASE... CALL FOR AN AMBULANCE!

AND THAT DAWN, WHEN EX-FIGHTER PILOT COLONEL ROBERT PERRY AWAKENS...

THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME... THEY WENT AHEAD WITH THE TEST... BUT THEY ARE NOT ALONE...

THE GREMLINS ARE WITH THEM... THE IGNITION SYSTEM WILL SHORT-CIRCUIT...

LIKE SOME TERRIBLE NIGHTMARE, HE HEARS THE GREMLINS CHATTERING LOUDER... LOUDER...

FUEL TANKS CAN BE PUNCTURED *HERE*...

AND HYDRAULIC BRAKE CABLES PARTED *HERE*...

NO... NO! THEY'RE GOING TO *SABOTAGE* THE JET BOMBER!

ABRUPTLY, THE FRIGHTENING DREAM BECOMES *REAL*...

IT'S PERRY!... HE IS NOW AN *ENGINEER*... CAN *REVEAL* OUR PLANS...

SEIZE HIM!

G-GET BACK..!

SCREEE CHITTA CHITTA

I'VE GOT TO NOTIFY RESEARCH -- THEY CAN'T *TEST* THAT SHIP TOMORROW... I-IT'S BEEN *GREMLINED-UP!*

IN A FRENZY, THE TINY AIRCRAFT VIPERS SPRING FOR THE MAN WHO CAN BETRAY THEM...

CHITTA SQUEEEEE

SQUEEEEEE

BUT, SOMEHOW, PERRY BREAKS FREE... HIS JEEP RACES ACROSS THE LANDING STRIPS TO THE NEW FIELD...

SCREEEEEEECH!

THE FUEL TANKS WILL *EXPLODE...*

... AND THE BRAKE CABLES WILL *PART!*

WAIT! PERHAPS *YOU* CAN HELP MAKE THEM BELIEVE ME... I HAVE A WAY I CAN *PROVE* IT... *LISTEN...*

I KNOW WHERE THEY *HID* THEIR BLUEPRINT... *THAT* WOULD BE *PROOF!*

STOP THEM! THEY'RE *WIPING AWAY* MY WORDS ... THEY WON'T LET ME *TELL YOU!*

REAL TOUGH ABOUT YOUR FRIEND, TOD-- HE'S BEEN BABBLING AWAY LIKE THAT FOR HOURS... CAN'T *UNDERSTAND* A *WORD* HE SAYS!

I'M AFRAID I CAN'T HELP, FRIENDS, FOR I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HIS WORDS EITHER! OF COURSE, IT COULDN'T BE BECAUSE GREMLINS ARE WIPING AWAY HIS MESSAGE... OR COULD IT?

NOT **AGAIN**... IT CAN'T HAPPEN TO ME **AGAIN** AFTER ALL THESE **YEARS!**

OF COURSE IT CAN, BOB -- IT'S **NATURAL!** REVISITING THE FIELD BROUGHT BACK THAT TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE HERE! HA, HA! IT'S ONLY NATURAL, OLD CHAP!

A TRICK OF THE MIND, DON'T YOU KNOW! A HOT SHOWER AND A COLD BRACER WILL FIX YOU UP!

BUT THAT NIGHT PERRY CAN NOT REST... GREMLINS, REAL OR NOT, ARE VERY MUCH ALIVE IN HIS MIND...

I HEARD THEM... AND SAW THEM... EITHER I'M INSANE OR I AM **NOT** INSANE ...TONIGHT I **MUST** FIND OUT...

AND SHORTLY...

I'M **NOT** MAD-- THEY **DO** EXIST... AND THEY'RE **PLOTTING!**

CLOSER... CLOSER HE CREEPS TOWARD THE TINY, CHATTERING CREATURES...

THEIR TINY VOICES ARE HARDLY AUDIBLE...

THEN, STARK TERROR PENETRATES TO THE DEEPEST RECESSES OF PERRY'S MIND AS...

HERE... IGNITION SYSTEM CAN BE SHORT-CIRCUITED BY CROSSING WIRES...

BLUEPRINTS OF THE **SUPER JET!**

The TWILIGHT ZONE

The ISLAND VISION

SEAMAN ELI COOTE ROWED FRANTICALLY TOWARD THE DISMAL LITTLE SOUTH PACIFIC ISLAND! FOR A FULL YEAR HE HAD DREAMED OF THIS DAY AND NOW, AT LAST IT WAS HERE--HIS SECRET VISIT INTO... THE *TWILIGHT ZONE!*

AS HE NEARS THE SHORE, HIS EYES SPARKLE WITH GREED--AT ALL COSTS HE MUST FIND WHAT HE SEEKS...

YES, YES... IT'S JUST AS I SAW IT BEFORE! THE BATTERED LITTLE ***LIGHTHOUSE*** AND THE SAME ***SLOPING BEACH!*** NOW... I MUST REMEMBER THE ***EXACT*** LOCATION...

IT WAS JUST UP THE BEACH...

...'BOUT A HUNDRED YARDS NORTH OF THE BIG PALM!

THERE SHE BE!— I'VE FOUND HER AT LAST!

SEAMAN COOTE STANDS TREMBLING OVER HIS "FIND" ...HE CAN SCARCELY BELIEVE THAT THE LONG MONTHS OF WAITING ARE AT LAST OVER...

"IT HAD ALL BEGUN WITH A CRY FROM THE FREIGHTER'S PORT BOW JUST 12 MONTHS BEFORE..."

LOOK THERE!— A BLOOMIN' *ISLAND* RISING OUTA THE SEA!

"THE CREWMEN RUBBED THEIR EYES IN AWE..."

B-BUT THERE'RE NO *ISLANDS* IN THESE WATERS FOR A *HUNDRED* MILES!

W-WE MUST ALL BE GOING *DAFT!*

"BUT THERE *WAS* AN ISLAND SITTING OUT THERE OFF THE PORT BOW--A BLEAK, BATTERED LITTLE STRIP OF LAND...

"AS THE CREW GAPED IN DISBELIEF THEY COULD NOT KNOW WHAT COOTE WAS OBSERVING THROUGH HIS BINOCULARS..."

GREAT GHOSTS!—THERE'S A BEACHCOMBER...CARRYING SOMETHING!

I-IT'S...A TREASURE CHEST!

TH-THE BLIGHTER'S BURYING IT..!

"THUS, THE FIRST TWINGE OF GREED PLUCKED AT ELI COOTE'S SOUL..."

CAP'N--LOOK!

A-A MYSTERY ISLAND WITH A BURIED TREASURE!—AND I'M THE ONLY ONE HAD BINOCULARS TO SEE IT!

"THE CAPTAIN THUNDERED FOR HIS BINOCULARS ...BUT BY THEN THE ISLAND WAS GONE..."

S-SHE'S VANISHING...LIKE A DREAM! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT, CAP'N? WE COULDN'T ALL BE IMAGINING IT!

REFRACTION, COOTE! COME ALONG TO THE CHART ROOM...

I SAW IT ONCE BEFORE OUT OF SINGAPORE—THE ATMOSPHERE BENT THE LIGHT RAYS AND SHOWED US A STEAMER 500 MILES AWAY! THAT ISLAND DOES EXIST...SOMEWHERE!

THEN...

THERE IT IS—*BAROC ISLAND* IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC NEAR PAGO PAGO... A *THOUSAND MILES AWAY!* THE LIGHTHOUSE AND CONFORMITY OF THE SHORE LINE FIT HER *PERFECTLY!*

THINK OF THAT...

LIKE IN A MIRROR, WE SAW THE *REFLECTION* OF A DESOLATE ISLAND ALL THAT DISTANCE AWAY! BUT IT *REALLY* EXISTS... *JUST* AS WE SAW IT!

"IN THE MONTHS TO FOLLOW ELI COOTE SHIPPED FROM VESSEL TO VESSEL -- WAITING FOR HIS RENDEZVOUS WITH BAROC ISLAND..."

BAROC ISLAND IS 200 MILES SOUTH... NOTHING I CAN DO THIS VOYAGE!

CUSS THE LUCK!— WE PASS TOO FAR SOUTH THIS TRIP!

THERE SHE BE!—THE *SOUTH STAR* WILL BRING ME CLOSE ENOUGH TO DO THE DEED!

"AN' HOUR OUT OF PAGO PAGO, COOTE PUT HIS PLAN INTO ACTION..."

JUST A FEW DEGREES TURN OF THE WHEEL AND SHE'LL BRING US RIGHT PAST THE ISLAND...

"AND SOON AFTER, IN THE ENGINE ROOM..."

THE SHIP'S OFF-SHORE NOW—IT'LL TAKE 'EM A GOOD THREE HOURS TO FIX THIS CRANK-SHAFT... THEY'LL LAY ANCHOR 'TILL DAWN!

"THERE WAS ONLY ONE LAST STEP TO HIS PLAN NOW..."

THE ENGINE'S FOULED... BAROMETER DROPPING AND *YOU* HAVE TO GET SICK, COOTE! ALL RIGHT --TAKE TO YOUR BUNK!

THANK YOU KINDLY, CAP'N-- I'LL BE SHIPSHAPE COME THE DAWN!

"AND SO IT WAS THAT SEAMAN COOTE'S FURTIVE FIGURE SLIPPED THROUGH THE MOONLIGHT...

"NOW AT LONG LAST, THE RICHES HE DREAMED OF..."

HA, HA! I'VE GOT THE LUCK OF DAVEY JONES WITH ME— THE *BLEACHED BONES* OF THE BEACHCOMBER CAN TELL NO SECRETS OF THE TROVE...

NOW I'M THE *ONLY MAN* ALIVE KNOWS THERE'S TREASURE BURIED HERE!

AND ALL 'CAUSE OF A *SEA MIRAGE!* HEE, HEE!! *THERE SHE BE*--WAITING FOR OL' ELI COOTE TO TOTE HER HOME!

A MOMENT LATER, COOTE'S CRY OF JOY CRACKS THE BARREN ISLAND'S OMINOUS STILLNESS.

EUREKA! IT MUST BE THE TREASURE OF OL' CAP'N KIDD HIMSELF I HAVE FOUND!

LIKE A MAN POSSESSED, HE WALLOWS IN THE GOLD DOUBLOONS AND FABLED JEWELS...

HE CAN NOT KNOW WHAT IS OCCURRING ABOARD THE SOUTH STAR AT THIS VERY MOMENT...

THE BLASTED BAROMETER'S DROPPING THROUGH THE DECK! WE'RE IN FOR A BLOW, MATE! WE CAN'T WAIT FOR DAWN!—BLOW THE ENGINE ROOM AWAKE!

AND FINALLY, AS HE TURNS LADENED DOWN WITH TREASURE TO LEAVE...

EH? TH-THE SOUTH STAR-- SH-SHE'S GONE!

NO, NO! WE WEREN'T SUPPOSED TO SHIP OUT 'TILL DAWN...! COME BACK! COME BACK! Y-YOU CAN'T LEAVE ME HERE ON A DESERTED ISLAND ... ALONE...

N-NO VESSELS STOP HERE... IT WAS ONLY SEEN BEFORE IN REFRACTION... 'A MIRAGE... I-I'LL NEVER ESCAPE...

...U-UNTIL SOMEBODY SEES ME... AS I DID H-HIM!

THE WANTED ONE

TWENTY MILES SOUTHWEST OF PRAGUE, CZECHOSLOVAKIA A WIDE-EYED MAN RACES FOR ESCAPE! SUDDENLY, THE ROAD HUMPS BEFORE HIM...

T-THE HIGHWAY... I-IT IS TWISTING LIKE A SNAKE!

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AS HE RACES INTO A RUBBLE-STREWN FIELD, THE GRASS TEARS AT HIS FEET... THE STONES SEEM TO COME TO LIFE... AND A TREE SWAYS WHEN THERE IS NO WIND...

THEN, AS HIS PURSUERS COME CLOSER...

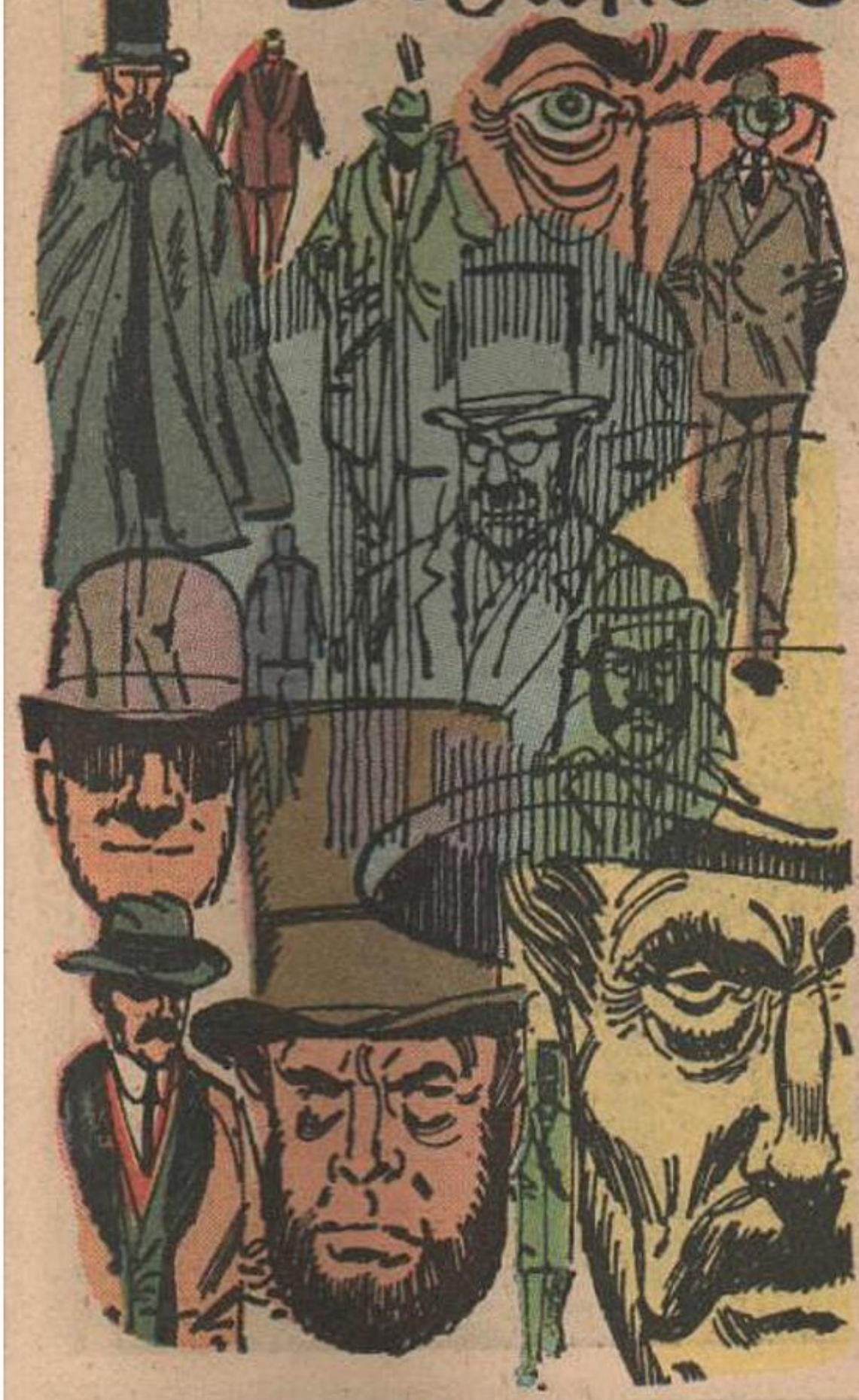
LOOK! LOOK! THE TREE LIMB... IT IS STRANGLING HIM! HE IS DONE FOR!

SUCH IRONIC JUSTICE! HENRICH, THE ESCAPED *WAR CRIMINAL,* DOOMED ON THE VERY LAND THE NAZIS RAZED... *LIDICE!*

WHO CAN SAY, PERHAPS IT WAS THE VENGEANCE OF THE SLAIN WHO TURNED THAT TREE INTO A HANGMAN'S GALLOW!

IN MEMORY OF LIDICE

The Jinx Breakers



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In London at midnight a man stepped out of an apartment numbered 13 and carefully stepped on each sidewalk crack as he headed down the street. On the other side of town a second gentleman skillfully maneuvered on the thoroughfare so that a stray black cat was forced to pass in front of him. At this precise moment a third debonaire, well-dressed Londoner was very deliberately smashing a pocket mirror to the pavement as he sauntered from the theatre. And in still a fourth section of the city onlookers gaped in awe as they observed a man in evening clothes persistently walk back and forth under a workman's ladder erected at the marquee of the café he was frequenting.

All these gentlemen were heading for the same place—a haunted castle on the outskirts of London.

An hour later, thirteen men marched into a banquet hall set with thirteen candles. When all were seated, the man at the head of the table lifted up a giant salt cellar as if to make a silent toast—instead he dumped its contents on the glistening white tablecloth. The annual meeting of The Society of Thirteen had begun.

This bizarre club had been meeting regularly for some thirty five years beginning in 1904. A group of intellectuals had decided it was high time to do something about mankind's slavery to superstitions. But they had tackled a tremendous job. Since the beginning of time man has doted on hundreds of favorite superstitions, from the curse of King Tut's tomb to the modern-day three-on-a-match bad luck omen.

Thus the luck-flaunting thirteen boldly aired their scorn of superstitions openly, walking under ladders, before black cats and making their most important plans on Friday the thirteenth.

One member supposedly stayed only on the thirteenth floor of his hotel when traveling. If his hotel did not have a thirteenth floor, jumping from the twelfth floor to the fourteenth as many hotels do, he would calmly paste a number 13 on his door—designating that this *really* was the thirteenth floor.

Another member of the club, it is said, lived in apartment 13, had a business address on the 13th street in town, drove a car with a double thirteen in its license plate and lived just thirteen miles outside of Paris. And still another antisuperstition devotee is purported to have always worn just thirteen articles of apparel, married on the thirteenth and had thirteen children.

The Society of Thirteen is no more. It was disbanded just before the outbreak of World War II. But its memory lingers on to those who either flaunt superstition or follow it. But perhaps the most peculiar thing of all concerning this incredible club is that during all its long history none of its members were known to have had any bad luck whatsoever.

The TWILIGHT ZONE

("WANTED... ALIVE!")

DOOMSDAY IN DUSTERVILLE

THE TOWN OF DUSTERVILLE WAS A THROWBACK TO THE OLD WEST! FOR SOME REASON LAW AND ORDER JUST NEVER SEEMED TO TAKE IN THIS REMOTE SECTION OF THE PANHANDLE! BUT THAT WAS BEFORE A MOST UNUSUAL VISITOR ARRIVED... FROM THE *TWILIGHT ZONE!*

HOTEL

HA! HA! LOOKIT OLD FARMER TIBBETS SHAKE! HEE, HEE!

BAM!

BAM! POW!

PA-TWEE!

AS GUNFIRE ECHOES OVER THE HILLS, A LONE TRAVELER IS DRAWN TO THE SCENE...

HOW *STRANGE*-- THE TOWNSPEOPLE ARE TORMENTING ONE OF THEIR *OWN*...

I HAD BEST STUDY THEM BEFORE JOINING THEIR RANKS!

AND AS THE STRANGER OBSERVES FROM CONCEALMENT...

BIG DOBIN, I'VE WARNED YOU ***BEFORE*** ABOUT CAUSIN' TROUBLE IN TOWN! NOW LET OLD MAN TIBBETS ALONE!

WELL, WELL! LOOKS LIKE WE GOT THE MAYOR'S DANDER UP, BOYS!

WHERE'D YOU GET ALL THE SPIT AND FIRE, LITTLE MAYOR? WHY, YOU BEEN 'BOUT AS BRAVE AS A JACK RABBIT BEFORE!

W-WELL, NO MORE...

IF THE ***SHERIFF*** WON'T STOP YOU, I'LL ... I'LL GO GET HELP FROM THE COUNTY SEAT! THERE'S GOT TO BE LAW AND ORDER IN DUSTERVILLE!

SEEMS LIKE MAYOR PARKER DOESN'T LIKE YOU, SHERIFF...

AND ANYBODY DOESN'T RESPECT OUR ***SHERIFF*** NEEDS TO BE RUN OUTER TOWN! ***LET'S GO, BOYS!***

YAHOO!

AND AS THE HELPLESS MAYOR IS DRAGGED FROM THE SQUARE...

WE'LL HAVE US A LITTLE PARTY AT ***DEAD MAN'S QUARRY!***

HEE, HEE! AND ELECT ***YOU*** MAYOR, BIG DOBIN! HA, HA!

SOON AFTER, ONLY THE STRANGER IS WITNESS TO THE DEED DONE BY BIG DOBIN'S GANG...

THE MAYOR IS *DEAD!* HEE, HEE! LONG LIVE *MAYOR DOBIN!* HA, HA!

THERE IS MUCH EVIL IN THIS HAMLET!

AND AS THE KILLERS DRIFT AWAY...

PERHAPS IT IS WELL THAT DESTINY DIRECTED ME HERE...

QUIETLY, THE FIGURE SLIPS INTO THE QUARRY'S DEPTHS...

AND LATER, A LONE YOUTH OBSERVES A STRANGE SIGHT...

WHAT'S THAT LIGHT FROM THE QUARRY?... SHE'S GLOWING LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE!

THEN...

G-GREAT SUFFERIN' HORNTOADS!

AS IF HYPNOTIZED, THE BOY CAN NOT TAKE HIS EYES FROM A MYRIAD OF GLOWING COLORS RADIATING FROM THE QUARRY WATERS...

T-THE COLORS ARE *SWIRLING TOGETHER*... THEY SEEM TO BE *MAKING FORMS*...

YI-I-I-I-I-I-I!

W-WHY IT'S... *MAYOR PARKER!*

SCANT MINUTES LATER, WHEN THE FRANTIC YOUTH REACHES TOWN...

I TELL YOU I SAW MAYOR PARKER'S FACE *CLEAR AS DAY* IN THE QUARRY! I-IT WAS ALL FULL OF GLOWING COLORS...SOMETHING *AWFUL* TO LOOK AT!

EASY...EASY, SON!

GUESS WE'RE ALL A MITE ROUSED UP WITH THE TROUBLE IN TOWN! WHAT WITH THE MAYOR BEING KICKED OUT AND ALL...

LOOK THERE! WHAT'S THAT?

WHO'D BE WALKIN' INTO TOWN AT *THIS* HOUR OF THE NIGHT?

WHY... IT LOOKS LIKE THE *MAYOR!*

IT *IS* MAYOR PARKER... HE'S COME *BACK!* BIG DOBIN'S GANG WILL WHOMP HIM UP FOR SURE!

MAYOR! GO BACK! DOBIN'S BOYS ARE ALL PLAYING CARDS AT THE JAIL!

THERE'S NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, MY FRIENDS!

S-SUFFERIN' SUN-FISH! HE'S GOING RIGHT INTO THEIR LAIR! THEY'LL KILL 'IM FER *SURE!*

SH

SHERIFF, YOU ARE UNDER ARREST FOR DERELICTION OF DUTY!

SHERIFF

H-HE'S BACK! YOU IDIOTS DIDN'T TIE HIM TIGHT ENOUGH...

RELAX, BIG DOBIN- THIS TIME I'LL FIX 'IM GOOD! GIT INTO A CELL, MAYOR!

SUDDENLY, A STRANGE GLOW APPEARS IN THE MAYOR'S EYES...

I WILL GLADLY GO WITH YOU, SHERIFF!

THEN, AS THE SHERIFF'S FINGER TIGHTENS ON THE TRIGGER...

NOW, MAYOR PARKER, YOU WILL STAY DEAD...! HUH? WHAT'S HAPPENING TO MY GUN...?

SUDDENLY, THE SHERRIF'S EYES BULGE IN DISBELIEF AS...

A-A RATTLER! MY GUN'S TURNED INTO A RATTLER!

THE DEADLY REPTILE APPEARS TO COIL IN MID-AIR... AND STRIKE!

YIIIII!

THEN, AS BIG DOBIN AND HIS HENCHMAN ARE SUMMONED BY THE CRIES...

OW-W-W!

HE GOT THE UPPER HAND ON THE *SHERIFF!*

BLAST 'IM DOWN!

OUTSIDE, THE TOWNFOLK CRINGE AS SHOTS RING OUT...

POOR MAYOR PARKER! A-AND THERE'S ***NOTHING*** WE CAN DO — THEY'RE ***TOO*** POWERFUL FOR US!

HOLD BACK, TOD-- THEY'LL JUST SHOOT ***YOU*** DOWN TOO!

BAM BAM

BUT INSIDE THE JAIL, IT IS NOT THE ***MAYOR*** WHO NEEDS HELP...

TH-THE BULLETS DIDN'T ***HURT*** HIM...!!

L-LOOK! THE SMOKE FROM OUR GUNFIRE... IT'S SWIRLING INTO ***FORMS!***

T-TAKE THEM AWAY! STOP THEM... PLEASE!

IT IS YOUR BLACK HEARTS THAT HAVE BROUGHT THEM INTO BEING, BIG DOBIN... THEY ARE VISIONS OF YOUR ***OWN*** SOUL!

LIKE FRIGHTENED CHILDREN, THE TRIO BURST FROM THE JAIL...

THE MAYOR... HE'S RUN THEM OFF! WHY, THEY'RE FRIGHTENED TO DEATH OF HIM!

YOU NEED HAVE NO FURTHER FEAR OF BIG DOBIN'S GANG, CITIZENS OF DUSTERVILLE! THEY ARE LEAVING TOWN!

TOD WATSON -- COME HERE!

TOD, YOU ARE YOUNG AND THERE IS MUCH ON EARTH YOU DO NOT UNDERSTAND! I AM ILL AND NEED YOUR HELP... WILL YOU DO EXACTLY AS I SAY WITHOUT QUESTION?

SURE THING, MAYOR -- *ANYTHING!*

LATER...

THE MAYOR WANTS ALL OUR *CARS* UP ON BIG CANYON ROAD?

THAT'S RIGHT... AND YOU'RE TO BLINK YOUR CAR LIGHTS *JUST* LIKE IT SAYS ON THAT PAMPHLET I HAD PRINTED UP! WE'VE GOT TO MOVE *FAST!*

SOON AFTER, A HUNDRED LIGHTS BEAM A MESSAGE INTO THE SKY ON BIG CANYON ROAD...

THEY'RE SWITCHING THEIR CAR LIGHTS ON AND OFF JUST THE WAY YOU WANTED THEM TO, MAYOR PARKER! GOSH, YOU'RE *SICK!*

YES, TOD... AND NOW IT IS TIME I *TELL* YOU SOMETHING! LISTEN VERY CLOSELY TO ME, SON...

HOUR AFTER HOUR, THE LIGHTS PIERCE THE DARKNESS... FLASHING A STRANGE CODE INTO THE HEAVENS! FINALLY...

THEY'VE COME, TOD... THEY HAVE SEEN!

THEN...

GOOD-BYE, TOD! I MUST HURRY... THERE ISN'T MUCH TIME!

G-GOOD-BYE, SIR... GOOD-BYE...

AT THE SPEED OF LIGHT THE CRAFT STREAKS STARWARD...

A SPACESHIP! TH-THE MAYOR LEFT IN A FLYING SAUCER! W-WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT, TOD? TELL US?

SHHH... IT IS NOT TIME YET... WATCH!

THEN, LONG MINUTES LATER...

THE BLAST--IT IS OVER... JUST AS HE SAID!

YOU SEE, FOLKS, THAT WASN'T *REALLY* THE MAYOR...

HE WAS AN ALIEN, WOUNDED WHEN HE CRASHED ON EARTH! WHEN HE DIED IN OUR ATMOSPHERE THE CHEMICAL MAKE-UP OF HIS BODY MADE HIM FUSE LIKE AN ATOMIC BOMB!

T-THAT'S WHY HE HAD TO GET AWAY FAST... TO SAVE US! BUT WHY DID HE TAKE THE PLACE OF OUR MAYOR?

BECAUSE HE WANTED TO HELP US! I GUESS HE WAS A... *SPACE VIGILANTE!*

GHOST SHIP OF THE SKIES

IN 1930 NEAR BEAUVAIS, FRANCE, THE EXPERIMENTAL DIRIGIBLE R-101 WAS DESTINED TO KEEP A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH...

R-101

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DESPERATELY, THE SHIP'S COMMANDER FOUGHT TO CONTROL THE GREAT HYDROGEN-FILLED CRAFT...

THE ELEVATOR'S JAMMED... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO RISE! THROW OUT BALLAST!

BUT THE BATTLE WAS FUTILE... WINDS ROCKED THE OUT-OF-CONTROL SHIP LIKE A TOY BALLOON...

R-101

INSIDE, THE DOOMED COMMANDER KNEW THE EXPERIMENTAL CRAFT WAS A FAILURE...

THE ENGINES ARE TOO HEAVY FOR HER BULK... THE AIR-SCREWS TOO SMALL...

BUT THE RADIO'S OUT... I-I CAN'T REPORT MY FINDINGS...

R-101

DOWN... DOWN THE R-101 PLUMMETED...

TO CRASH TO HER FIERY DEATH, CARRYING THE SECRETS OF FAILURE WITH HER...

R-101

WHEN THE NEWS REACHED GREAT BRITAIN...

THE R-101 HAS CRASHED IN FLAMES... OUR COMMANDER LOST!

IT MAY TAKE WEEKS ...MONTHS TO LEARN FROM THE WRECKAGE WHAT WAS WRONG WITH OUR EXPERIMENTAL DESIGN!

IT WAS SEVERAL DAYS LATER, AS EXPERTS PROBED THE SHATTERED REMAINS, THAT A CALL CAME THROUGH...

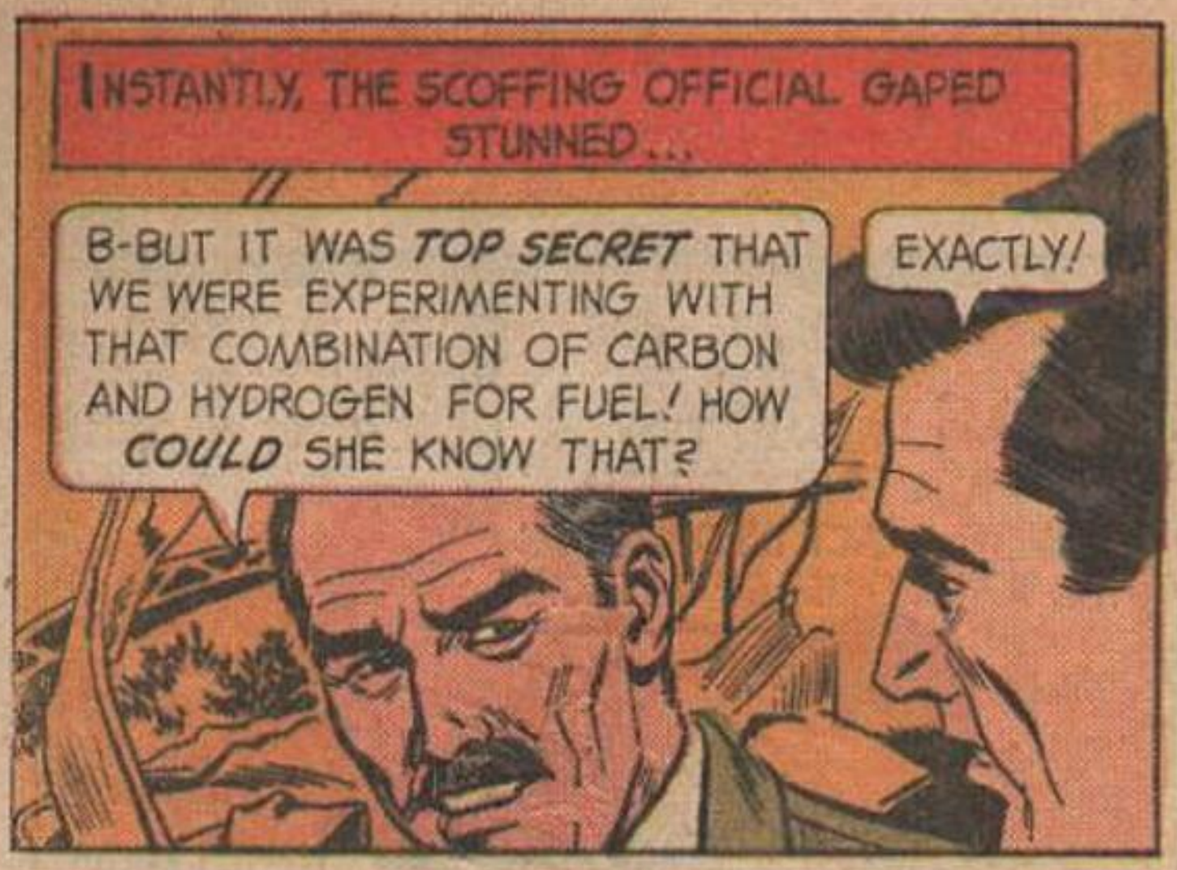
GREAT GRIEF, SIR - I'VE JUST HAD A CALL FROM THE AIR DROME! THEY CLAIM A PARTY CALLED GIVING EXACT INFORMATION AS TO THE CAUSE OF THE R-101'S CRASH!

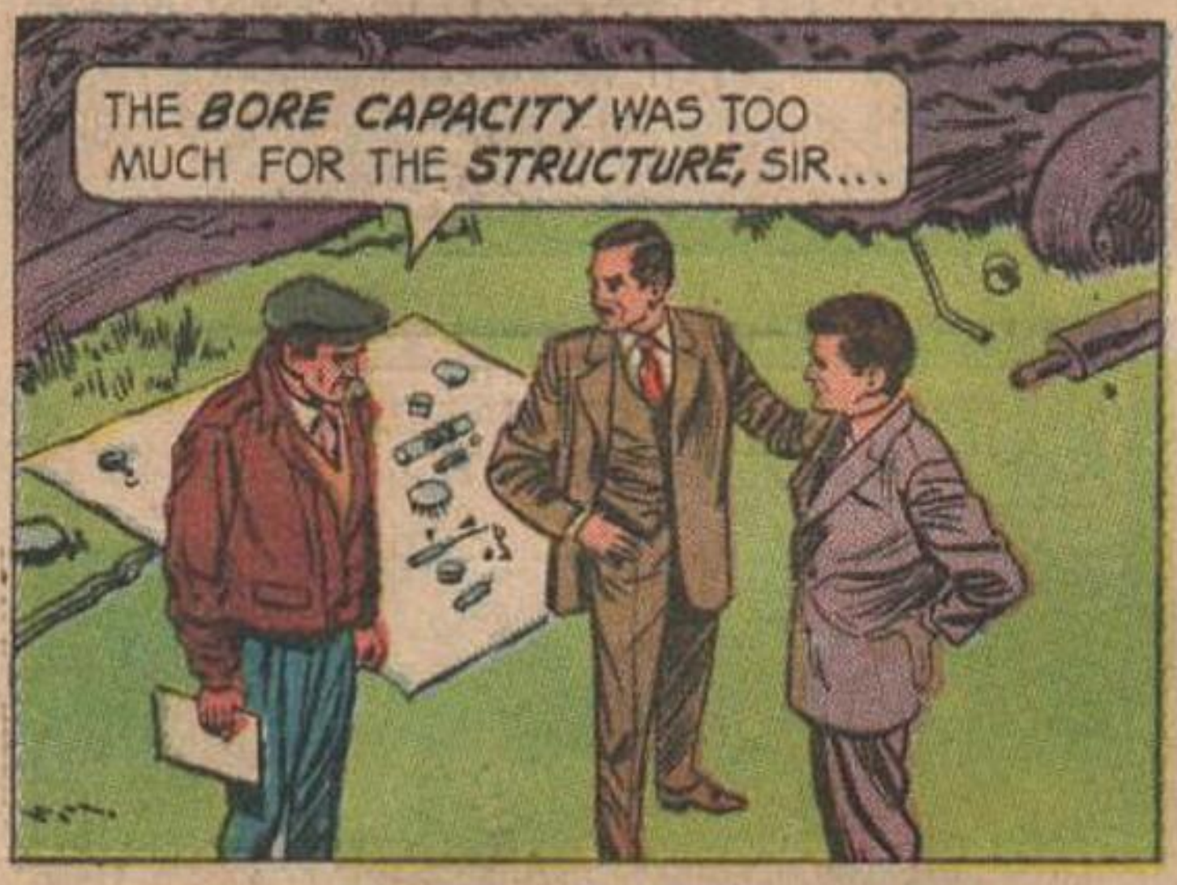
HOW IN THUNDER IS *THAT* POSSIBLE? WE DON'T KNOW *OURSELVES* YET!

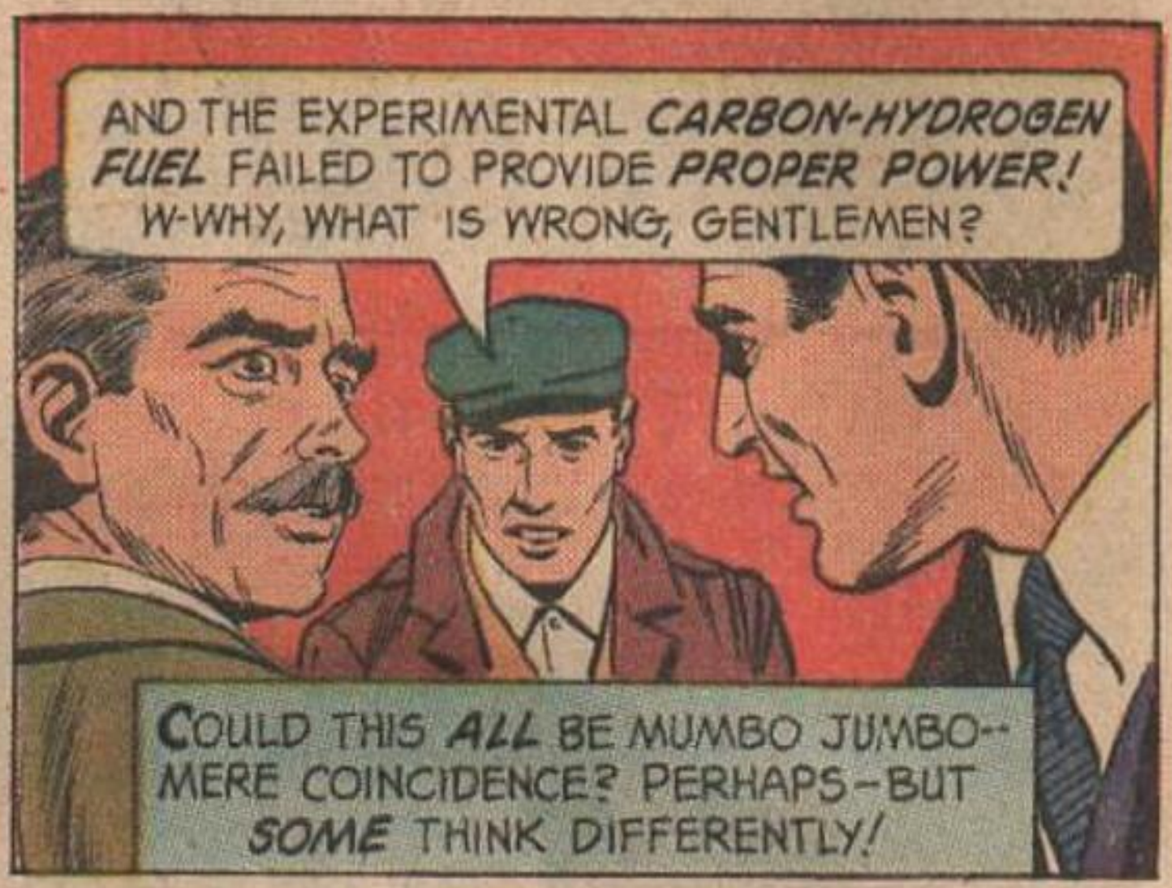
A *MEDIUM* DECLARES THE COMMANDER "VISITED" HER THIS MORNING...

"SHE STATED THAT THE COMMANDER SAID *THE BORE CAPACITY WAS ENTIRELY INADEQUATE TO THE VOLUME OF THE STRUCTURE...*"

"HE ALSO COMMENTED TO HER THAT *THE EXORBITANT FUEL SCHEME OF CARBON AND HYDROGEN WAS ABSOLUTELY WRONG...*"


INSTANTLY, THE SCOFFING OFFICIAL GAPED STUNNED...
B-BUT IT WAS TOP SECRET THAT WE WERE EXPERIMENTING WITH THAT COMBINATION OF CARBON AND HYDROGEN FOR FUEL! HOW COULD SHE KNOW THAT?
EXACTLY!




AND THE EXPERIMENTAL CARBON-HYDROGEN FUEL FAILED TO PROVIDE PROPER POWER!
W-WHY, WHAT IS WRONG, GENTLEMEN?
COULD THIS ALL BE MUMBO JUMBO-- MERE COINCIDENCE? PERHAPS-BUT SOME THINK DIFFERENTLY!

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION (Act of October 23, 1962; Section 4369, Title 39, United States Code).

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I CERTIFY THAT THE STATEMENTS MADE BY ME ABOVE ARE CORRECT AND COMPLETE.

H. L. ANDERSON

The VISION

IT IS 1950 AND THREE PARATROOPERS LEAP INTO ENEMY SKIES OVER KOREA... SHOUTING THEIR FAMOUS CRY!

GERONIMO!

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A SAFE TOUCHDOWN IS MADE...BUT FATE HAS DEALT THE TRIO A DEATH CARD...

WE *MISCALCULATED* OUR LEAP -- THOSE TREES BORDER THE ENEMY *MINE FIELD* ON OUR MAP!

WE'RE *SUNK!* WE CAN'T INCH THROUGH IT IN THE DARKNESS... AND AT DAWN THE COMMIES WILL SPOT US!

THROUGH THE LONG NIGHT THEY WEIGH THEIR IMPOSSIBLE CHOICE! THEN...

IF WE *WAIT* WE'RE SITTING DUCKS... IF WE *LEAVE* WE'LL BE BLOWN APART! WAIT! LOOK THERE... *SOMEONE BECKONING!*

DESPERATE, THEY FOLLOW THE BECKONING FIGURE...

I-IT LOOKS LIKE AN *INDIAN!*

THAT'S *CRAZY*-- BUT HE SURE KNOWS HIS WAY THROUGH THE MINE FIELD!

AND WHEN SAFE GROUND IS REACHED...

NO, NO! IT *IS* AN INDIAN... *GERONIMO!* I-I'VE SEEN PAINTINGS OF HIM! H-HE MUST HAVE SAVED US BECAUSE WE HONOR HIS NAME WHEN WE JUMP!

the Magic Makers

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Near Zurich in 1493 an alchemist named Paracelus claimed he had the formula for making an artificial living man. He called this Homunculus and listed a number of substances that could be mixed together and shut up in a glass phial. "After forty days," so his directions went, "something will begin to move and live in the bottle." By proper feeding for forty weeks Paracelus assured one and all that this "something" in the bottle would begin to grow until it was quite a normal human being except for being much smaller in size.

As far fetched as his fantastic writings were on this subject, Paracelus was no charlatan of his day. He was a prominent alchemist and a professor of medicine at the University of Basle. Such a grip did alchemy and black magic have on history that sometimes the wildest theories were thought to be sincere excursions into the mysteries of life.

Alchemy and black magic are a vanishing art in this day and age. But it still exists behind the doors of die-hard would-be sorcerers and practitioners of the occult. Perhaps our movies of monsters and Dracular ghouls are the last vestiges of past black magic beliefs.

Although mystic practices are known about the world, the homeland of magic will always be Egypt. Papyrus books crammed with magical figures and amulets dating back to the 4th dynasty have nearly always been found in the graves of rich Egyptians. Sorcerers of the day had collected all the secrets of magic they could lay their hands on and written them down so that the dead could have every advantage in the after life. Magic was a way of life . . . and death.

Strangely enough, the Greek philosopher Aristotle was perhaps responsible for furthering one of the most fantastic magical legends of all time—The Philosopher's Stone of the Egyptian alchemists. This was a magical ingredient that it was believed would change base metals into gold Many a wealthy man on an alchemy kick spent his life and fortune seeking to find the wondrous Philosopher's Stone that would make him a king of gold.

Because of Aristotle's teachings many believed they were on firm ground. For Aristotle had stated that he believed there was prime matter which was the basis of *all* substances. He believed that changes in the proportion of elements that were put together could form any matter on earth. If one could find the right combination of elements and get them together in the proper proportion it would therefore theoretically follow that something like The Philosopher's Stone could change other metals into gold.

Of course, like other black magic dreams, this was never realized. But the hope lingered on for centuries among intelligent men who were willing to risk their fortunes trying to find the answer.

But the alchemists had another passion beside their quest for gold. This was the search for the secret of prolonging life indefinitely. In a sense that search still goes on today. And who can say, now that we have taken our first steps on the stairway to the stars, perhaps that secret will one day be revealed to us these many centuries later.

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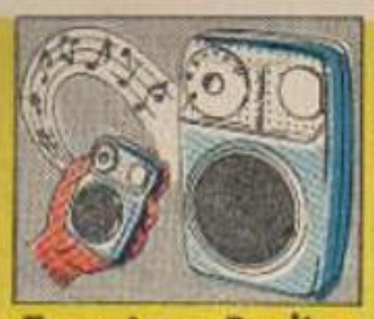

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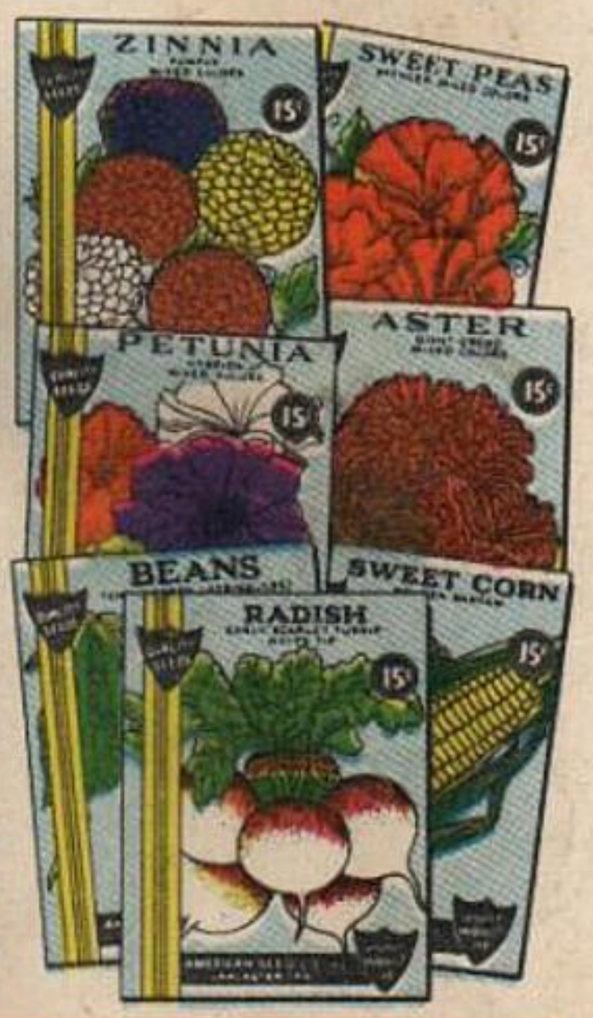

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